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TENNIS FOR CHAMPIONS AND AMATEURS



MAURICE McLAUGHLIN

WILLIAM M. JOHNSTON

In the defeat of Maurice E. McLaughlin by William M. Johnston in the contest for the tennis championship of the United States the average person who essays this fascinating game will be but mildly interested. Such a person will be impressed by the facts that both players are Californians, that judging by results eastern players this year were outclassed by players from the Pacific coast and that the victory of Johnston registers an "upset"; for, although McLaughlin last year lost the championship to R. Norris Williams II, his marvelous playing has given him a foremost position during the last few tennis seasons, while Johnston, a youth of twenty years, has not hitherto been regarded as a player of vast superior merit.

But the average player will fail to take a really keen interest in the championship match at Forest Hills, L. I. for the reason that he plays a somewhat different game from that of the McLoughlins, the Williamses and the Johnstons, says Chicago Daily

News. In essentials it is the same, to be sure, but tournament players who achieve national and international fame are so much faster in their play, so much more accurate in their strokes, so much superior in all departments, that they compare with the average player as an up-to-date racing yacht compares with a flat-bottomed rowboat.

One who plays tennis at all cannot but admire these highly organized champions for their mastery of speed, of stroke, of strategy. Few average tennis players, however, will aspire to these Olympian heights. Most of the multitude of devotees of the game will continue serenely on the course of mediocrity, content in knowing that their play tends to develop and maintain good health and that it stimulates quickness of vision and of perception, thus encouraging mental keenness and agility—always an asset in whatever pursuit one may engage in. For these and other excellent reasons tennis will continue to find a growing favor among lovers of healthful exercise.

MASK ALTERS O'DAY'S FACE

Veteran Umpire Says He Has Grouchy and Crabbed Appearance Because of Wearing Protector.

"My face may appear grumpy and crabbed; I may have a distant nature and a desire to keep to myself, but the dear public does not know how to analyze an umpire's face."

Hank O'Day, who was recently re-



Hank O'Day.

stated as a National league umpire, made this statement to a group of fans the other day:

"A man may have the mobile and gentle features of a schoolboy, but after he has squinted through a mask for a quarter century his features are bound to take on the look of a troubled man. In an average game of baseball an umpire makes about 300 decisions. A decision is called for on every ball pitched. In 77 games of a season, therefore, he must make about 23,100 decisions.

"When you have stood there in the sun judging balls that come with blistering speed or with tantalizing curve or slowness, it isn't any wonder that in 25 years a man's face will be-

come contorted with an anxious and sullen look. To tell you the truth, your face almost freezes that way. I may have looked severe and cross to the crowds, but really while having my hardest trouble with some player I have had to laugh quietly. The strain of it will alter an umpire's facial characteristics, but not his disposition, if he is the right kind of a man."

"There's only one way for ball clubs to cut down expenses," remarked Doc Johnston of the Pirates to a group of his teammates. "How is that?" innocently inquired Jimmy Viox.

"Play all their games at home," replied Johnston. "I guess that's right," agreed the little second sacker as he gazed reflectively out of the clubhouse door.

While he sat there, however, a puzzled look came over Jim's face. He hammered the mud out of his spikes and then thought a long while. The next day he hunted up Johnston and said:

"Say, Doc, do you remember what we talked about yesterday?"

"Sure I do," replied the first baseman.

"I know," insisted Jimmy, "but who the dickens would they play with?"

"Well, well," said Johnston, with a laugh. "Do you know, Jimmy, I never thought of that."

Wagner Against Double-Headers. Hans Wagner refers to double-headers as head-on collisions. "One in a week is bad enough," says Honus, "but three of them telescoped into four days keep any club or manager guessing. The best club in the business finds it hard to win two games in one afternoon. Double-headers isn't the right name, and I prefer to call them head-on collisions. Three in a row are too much like a smashup."

Griffith Signs Sam Rice. Clark Griffith dug up a pitcher named Sam Rice and the youngster has shown some real big league stuff.

GLOOMY AT MICHIGAN

Yost Has Meager and Unsatisfactory Knowledge of Material.

Hughitt, Game Little Quarterback, and Five Prospective Stars Lost by Faculty Rulings—Maulbetsch Is Praised.

Coach Fielding H. Yost has a list of some fifty big, strapping youngsters in line for his 1916 University of Michigan football team—but whether there are 11 football players in the bunch is a serious question.

Probably never in the history of the famous coach's activities at Ann Arbor has he had any more meager and unsatisfactory knowledge of the material at hand than he has for his 1916 machine.

Far be it from Coach Yost to allow the wolf to howl at this early stage of the game, but facts are facts. In addition to losing such stars as Hughitt, the game little quarterback of the 1914 team, by graduation, "Hurry-Up" has been deprived of five of his prospective 1916 stars by faculty rulings.

The faculty has passed out the word that because of scholastic deficiencies, Lyons and Traphagen, "M" men, and Ewert, Johnny Dunn and Brown of the freshmen eleven, will not be eligible for the 'varsity.

"It's a pretty tough blow to learn that five men you counted heavily upon are not eligible," said Coach Yost.

"I have a long list of men who will be given invitations to try for the 1916 team. I know that there are plenty of big, powerful men among them but whether there are any football players in the making I can't say.

"You can't tell until you see a man in the big game whether he has football sense or not. If they can't think football under fire, they won't be stars. And you can never tell what a man will do in a pinch until he is actually under great stress.

"There are very few men coming back to me who have been given the



Coach Fielding H. Yost.

acid test. The material as a whole is about the greenest I have ever had."

Yost expects Johnny Maulbetsch, the brightest star of the 'feeshigan outfit last season, to be greater than ever this season, in spite of the fact that he had appendicitis during the winter.

"Johnny told me he was feeling fine," said Yost, "when I saw him in Ann Arbor recently, although he doesn't weigh as much as he used to. I look for him to even excel his work of last season. His work on the defensive will undoubtedly be improved, particularly in blocking and tackling."

Each one of the five men who have been declared ineligible will leave a hole that will be hard to fill. Lyons played a good end and backfield game and Traphagen was a powerful lineman. Ewert was without doubt the best lineman on the fresh team, playing at guard most of the time. Dunn, a former Ann Arbor high school star, was captain and quarterback of the first year men. Brown, former Detroit Central high school fullback, has been declared by former Coach Stocking to be one of the best backfield men he ever turned out—and Stock has turned out some corking good 'varsity material.

Coach Yost expects four tough battles this fall with the Michigan Agricultural college, Syracuse, Cornell and Pennsylvania.

Carlisle Star a Coach. Mike Balenti, former Carlisle football star, has been signed to coach the backfield of the Baylor university football team this year.

BORDER MAN HUNT

Correspondent Describes Ride With Texas Rangers.

Pursuit of Mexican Bandits Who Raided American Ranch Conducted in Businesslike Manner—"Got Five," Is Quiet Report.

By JOHN W. ROBERTS. (International News Service.)

Brownsville, Tex.—It takes more qualifications to be a Texas ranger than to be a soldier in the United States army. For one thing, you must be able to shoot 90 per cent average—very few soldiers can do that. And then, you have to be more than five feet ten inches tall. You must know how to ride like a cowpuncher and be skillful in handling the lariat. You must be a man of unqualified nerve, and be ready at all times to face danger without a flinch.

It was my good fortune to be one of a party of ten rangers who left Brownsville early one evening in pursuit of some Mexican bandits who had recently raided an American ranch in the vicinity.

I rode beside a tall, quiet, handsome boy of about twenty-two years of age. His face was as tanned as a Mexican's, but his steel-blue eyes betrayed his Anglo-Saxon nationality.

We had entered that part of the country which is covered with a network of mesquite brush, ten feet in height, as thick as any African jungle ever could be.

I started to whistle an old familiar tune.

"Shut up," said my partner quietly. We came to a small clearing and halted. The waters of the Rio Grande were dotted with reflections of the stars in the bright sky. Across the river was Mexico, and her vast, silent prairies gleamed like silver in the starlight. One of the rangers dismounted and examined the ground closely.

"They have gone that way," he pointed northward.

"How does he know that it is the

AN INVENTOR OF MERIT



William Lawrence Saunders of Plainfield, N. J., who has been appointed to the United States naval advisory board by Secretary Daniels, is prominent in mine engineering circles for his many inventions. He designed and patented apparatus for subaqueous drilling, using the tube and water jet system now in general use. His rock drilling and quarrying devices, track and bar channelers, the radial axle system of coal mining and the system of pumping liquids by compressed air, now extensively used by the Russian oil fields, have given him high rank as an inventor of merit.

TO EACH AN APPLE

Soldiers in Trenches and Hospitals to Get Fruit.

Growers and Dealers Plan to Send Immense Consignment of Apples to Soldiers of All Armies Now At War.

Chicago.—Every soldier in the trenches and hospitals in Europe will be given an apple in the near future, if plans now being worked out by a committee of the apple trade throughout the United States are successful.

It is proposed to have a vessel take over a big cargo of apples to be distributed free under the auspices of the Red Cross, and efforts will be made to get President Wilson and Secretary of State Lansing to have the several warring governments permit safe passage for portions of the big consignment to the various fronts and hos-

men we are after?" I asked of my companion.

"By the footprints," he replied. "Greasers never take the trouble to shoe their horses. An American's horse is always shod—that's the difference, and the hoof prints point northward."

Here we left the road and took up a trail through the chaparral, single file. The thud, thud of our horses' hoofs in the soft earth, and the occasional squeak of a saddle were the only sounds which broke the stillness of the night.

Suddenly, without warning, the crash of a body dashing through the dry mesquite to our left was heard. In almost the same instant ten saddles were emptied and ten big, strapping Texans had dashed into the brush like so many rabbits. The horses, but for turning curious eyes toward the brush in which their masters had disappeared, remained absolutely still.

A minute later, however, the ten men returned and remounted.

"Coyote," explained my partner, with a smile. "The damn critters are always fooling us, because they sound just like a greaser trying to get away."

We had ridden out a mile farther along this trail, when the shrill whinny of a pony broke through the stillness. It halted our small band like magic. Although no one said a word, each man knew what the other thought, and they acted together. Each ranger dismounted and took his rifle from the scabbard.

"It's them, I guess," my partner informed me. "You had better stay with the horses and keep your head under cover in case there is any shooting. We will be back in a little while."

Although every one of the ten rangers who took into the brush were big fellows, each wearing heavy boots, yet, when they had gone but ten paces from where I stood I could not hear a sound—not even the breaking of a dry twig.

Five minutes later the sound of a shot cracked through the air. I was in a state of feverish excitement. Never before had I been in a man hunt, and this one, staged in a still night on the prairies bordering the waters of the Rio Grande, made me doubt, even then, that it was taking place on American soil. The shot was followed by another one, then a third, then many, all at once, and in a few seconds more the air rang with the cracks of rifles. I heard an oath screamed in Spanish; a sharp-voiced command to halt, in English. Heard the plink of a body jumping into the Rio Grande, then another and another one. Someone was crashing madly through the mesquite brush to my right, then all was silence again. A few minutes later, the ten rangers returned unhurt. While I was trembling in my excitement, the men quietly put their guns back into their scabbards, mounted their horses, turned around, and started back to Brownsville again. Not a word was spoken and each man's face was as immobile as though nothing had happened.

"Did—did—did you get any of them?" I whispered to my partner.

"Five," he said quietly, without looking up.

Ten minutes passed before I nerved myself to ask the second question.

"What did you do with them?" The question seemed to amuse him.

"Greasers are like dogs," he answered. "Let them rot where they die."

Keeps Tab on Engineers.

Sharon, Pa.—Passenger trains on the Mahoning division of the Erie railroad have been equipped with a device which records the speed over the entire distance traveled. If at the end of the run the device shows that the speed has exceeded that prescribed by the rules the engineers are suspended. Trains are permitted to travel 60 miles an hour, but an engineer has a margin of six miles above that speed.

LIFE PRESERVER IS NOVEL

Looks Like a Traveling Bag and Can Be Used as an Emergency Hotel.

John L. Edmund, a young Norwegian, has just invented a novel life preserver. From all outward appearances it is a traveling bag, which, like all other valises, carried shirts, razors, etc., but which, like no other valise, can, in case of emergency, be expanded into a lifelike union suit of waterproof trousers and coat conveying their owner through the most perilous seas. The bag, the inventor avers, can be made to suit the purchaser as to shape, size and material. A brown waterproof cloth covers the bag, and the suit for the arms, legs and body is of the same material. This folds compactly into the bottom of the suitcase, leaving ample room for



anything one wishes to carry. The body of the case is equipped with a window and two air valves, which may be locked from the inside. The side flappers or arm holes may or may not be used, for they do not add or detract from the buoyancy. The arms may, however, be used as a propeller. The bag when in the water need not be closed, for it will not sink. This has been proved by a series of rigid tests. The position of the occupant is one of perfect comfort, for he may stand upright, lean on the arms, or rest on the back or sides without danger of tipping. Food enough to last a number of days can be taken into the compartment. In short, it is an emergency hotel.

In case of accident to the outer covering, there is an emergency air bag which may be blown up from the inside. In the bag one may remain in the water for from four to five days without danger of sinking or death by exposure.

The upper photograph shows the bag floating on the surface of the water. In the lower picture the owner is seen in the bag taking a final look before jumping overboard.

Found Money in Wall.

Mount Clemens, Mich.—The hoarding of what was evidently property of a miser was discovered recently between two walls of a building belonging to the late Frederick Kendrick, when William Singer attempted to tear down the house. The money was found in a wooden box which had evidently been placed when the house was being erected some 65 years ago.

feared that vessels could not be found to carry over the apples. Then the idea was conceived of chartering a ship which would take nothing but apples, and we believe that when the purpose is disclosed to foreign governments none will oppose free passage of our ship, for it will go on a mission of charity."

A local apple man who has interested himself in the matter, and who has figured out how it can be done, says: "It is a big proposition and will require skillful handling, but it can be done. The value of the fruit alone would approximate about \$300,000 aboard ship at New York. We understand that there are about 25,000,000 men actively engaged in the various armies and navies in the European war, and probably as many more indirectly involved. To give them all an American apple apiece would mean at least 50,000,000, and taking 500 apples to the barrel, which would mean medium-size fruit, we shall have to provide 100,000 barrels or 300,000 boxes at the lowest estimate."

Sweden has 310 mines.